Rather Be Home

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Rather Be Home

by Bad_Wolf_Rising

Summary

Wrote this as an excuse to use a quote I saw on twitter by @GrahamTheSlut: “Just because a man is submissive and breedable does NOT mean he’s a twink”

Had Will had any shame, he would have turned bright red at the image Hannibal just sent. A picture of Hannibal sprawled across their bed, cock hard and leaking. What was next was a video. He glanced around the crime scene before taking a few steps away out of hearing distance. He turned his sound up just enough for him to hear.

"Woke up like this, Sir? May I touch myself?"

Will grinned down at his phone. While everyone else busied themselves collecting evidence, he's busy himself with Hannibal. He called, watching everyone while he waited. The phone rang twice before Hannibal answered.

"Good morning, Sir."

"Good morning, baby girl," he murmured. "I see you're already wet for me. Very good asking for permission. I'll let you touch yourself, but you're not allowed to come yet."

Hannibal whined softly. "Please, Sir?"

"Go ahead, stroke yourself, nice and slow. We don't want to build up too fast now do we?" He could hear Hannibal's slow and steady pace. "Good girl—"

"Will!"

"Sir has to get back to work. Stay slow and steady. Don't you dare come while I'm gone."

Will hung up, pocketing his phone. He turned around just as Jack walked up. Will pushed his glasses up.

"Can I help you? You're walking rather aggressively."

"Who was that?"

"None of your concern. I'm coming."

Will headed back to the scene. He would rather be in bed with Hannibal than staring at three headless bodies. He would rather be the one getting Hannibal off in his own time. The more he thought about it, the grumpier he got. He couldn't really focus on what he *needed* to do. He could feel Jack's presence behind him, looming over him like a dark shadow.

"Well?"

"Well, it's a personal attack, and a very hate-driven considering how jagged these cuts are. And that's about all I got for you," Will sighed, annoyed.

"What do you mean that's all you got?" Jack demanded.

"I mean that's all I got. You do know I have a life outside of this right? I have very little energy for killers."

“Well, I suggest you go get some.”

Maybe I should let Hannibal kill him… Will pulled off his gloves as he walked back to his car. His phone vibrated twice. Two videos from Hannibal. He leaned against his car and opened the first. He watched as Hannibal stroked himself, soft whines and moans coming from him. Even Will could tell from the video that Hannibal was on the brink of orgasm, but he removed his hand. The second video was sent with a text. The video showed Hannibal opening himself up thoroughly and then inserting a plug. ‘Ready for whenever you come home, Sir’. Will couldn’t help the smile that spread across his face. He decided to video call.

When Hannibal answered, his face was flushed red, his silver hair disheveled. He propped his phone up and so Will could see him better, see his cock throbbing and twitching between his legs.

“Look at you,” Will said fondly. “You’re so desperate for me, aren’t you, baby girl?” Hannibal whined softly. “Play with your nipples, roll them between your fingers and pull on them.”

Hannibal could be so good when he was desperate, brought down to his base need. His calculated behavior stripped away by the sheer need of being Will’s ‘good girl’ so he could be fucked and used.

Will turned to face his car. His cock was growing more and more interested in what was going on at home. God, he just wanted to go home.

“Hands behind your back. Let me get a good look at you.”

Hannibal quickly obeyed. He was flushed red from his ears down to his chest. His nipples were a rosy pink. His cock hung heavy, his balls drawn up tight from being in a constant state of being on edge. Just a little further down, he could just see the glint of his plug.

“There’s my girl, always submissive and breedable for me—“

“Excuse me?!”

Will nearly jumped out of his skin, dropping his phone. He had been so focused on Hannibal that he didn’t hear Jack walk up behind him.

“Since when did you find yourself a twink, Graham?” Jack asked as Will crouched to pick up his phone.

“First of all, just because a man is submissive and breedable does *not* mean he’s a twink. Okay? He is a six foot, 182 pound man with enough muscle that—“ Will had to compose himself for a moment. “Not all breedable men are twinks.”

Jack didn’t respond to Will’s rant. He stared at his back, Will could feel it.

“Will?”

“What, Jack? What could you possibly want from me? I asked for one day, and you couldn’t even give me that.”

“Turn around.”

“I’d rather not.”

“You have an erection, don’t you?”

Will turned his head to look back at Jack. “Yes, the fuck I do.”

“I should make you go back to the scene—“

Hannibal’s voice was came as a whine that had both Jack and Will’s attention. “You could just come home and fuck me.”

“Sounds like a wonderful idea,” Will said, getting in his car. He let down his window and threw his gloves at Jack. “You can figure this one out without me.”

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